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[No. 15.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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Politics of Europe.

Our supply of English Papers and New Publications, as is usually the case after a long interval without them, is much too great to admit of our giving an abstract of their contents in any one Number of our Paper. They will take at least a month to read with proper attention; we must therefore be content to detail such portions of them as we think most likely to interest the general Reader, and as the heads of the most important News have been already communicated in outline through our pages, we shall in following these up with the details, observe the order of the dates as far as may be practicable.

In the Second Sheet will be found a Review of Three New Cantos of Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, from the latest number of the *Literary Gazette* received, dated August 11, 1821: and in the Asiatic Sheet is a long and interesting account of a Visit to the Falls of Rewah in the Interior of India, which has been unavoidably delayed, in common with many other communications, from the excessive pressure of matter which still waits for admission into our columns.

In the same Sheet is an Address of the Sheriff of Calcutta, to the community of this Metropolis, on behalf of a Fund instituted for the Relief of persons confined for small Debts, to which we beg to direct the Reader's attention here, lest it might escape his notice. It requires only to be read, to have its object speedily and effectually attained. The remainder of the space left to us is occupied by portions of the English Papers received by the *Ganges*, of the dates specified in each.

London, July 18, 1821.—The Turkey Post arrived yesterday, (July 17) and brings letters from Constantinople to the 12th, and from Smyrna to the 1st of June. Our readers are already informed that the RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR had clandestinely contrived to bring two ships of war, (under the disguised name of "Packets") to Constantinople, and of the determination of the Turkish Government to send them away. The additional particulars received yesterday are, that the latter insisted upon searching them, as they have a right to do all *merchant vessels*. STROGOVSKY resisted this right, and yet at the same time he could only do so by calling them *vessels of war*, which he could not state them to be, without acknowledging the infringement of existing treaties, which forbid in the most positive terms any such commencing into the waters of the Bosphorus, so that upon this subject the Turks have the best of the argument.

At Smyrna the Franks were in a great state of alarm, from an apprehension that some of the most infuriated Turks meditated a general massacre of the *Christians of all denominations*. In fact it is stated that such a plot had been discovered, and that the *Mufti* had issued an exhortation, forbidding such a cruel step in the strongest terms. The Franks were, however, not free from alarm, should the Greeks succeed in capturing any of the Turkish men of war, eight of which had sailed from the Dardanelles for the Archipelago. The Greek vessels are in great force. They board every thing they meet in search of *Turks*, as well as Turkish property. The BATHURST, Ionian Government vessel, had been boarded no less than eight times on her voyage from Athens to Corfu.

The self-called Constitutional Association have, by way of encouraging "persons of talents and integrity in the literary world," published some observations of a Mr. CHRISTIAN, Chief

Justice of the Isle of Ely, one of their Subscribers. Mr. CHRISTIAN is well known as a prolific pamphleteer, and eagerly lays hold of every opportunity for laying open the rich stores of his mind to his fellow countrymen. In this respect he has an advantage over Sir JOHN SILVESTER, the Recorder of London, the other Judicial Patron of the Association, who has never been suspected of employing any of his leisure hours in the composition of pamphlets. The distinction shewn to Chief Justice CHRISTIAN, however gratifying to his feelings as a Pamphleteer, to whom an assistance of the kind may have been far from unserviceable, seems to have brought with it its alloy. Mr. EVANS having, in the course of a motion in the Court of King's Bench, remarked that there was a Chief Justice a member of the Bridge-street Association, Mr. Chief Justice ASSOT immediately observed, "Not of this Court, I hope!" On this Mr. EVANS replied, "No, God forbid!" Though Chief Justice CHRISTIAN had fairly subjected himself to observations of this nature, by the manner in which he thrust himself forward, he talks notwithstanding in the tone of a man who has received deep injury. In a charge to the Grand Jury at Wisbeach, he says:—"Having lately given a trifle to the Constitutional Association in London, to assist in the prosecution of misdemeanours which have long been committed there to a most alarming and disgusting extent, I was astonished to find that I was dragged from my humble privacy, and that my name was held up to the public with all the insult and contempt which invention could bestow upon it. This was hard upon me, because I was a very unworthy Member of that great and honourable Society, for I never was at the Committee-room, nor ever was informed who were the Members of the Committee, nor ever had any knowledge of the persons prosecuted, or the charge against any of them, but what I learnt from reading the public newspapers. Though I was thus unobtrusive, unofficious, and unoffending, I have been selected as the first individual of the Association to experience the malignity of the licentiousness of the Press; but I can assure you, Gentlemen, that neither the terror of that licentiousness, nor the terror of any power on earth, shall ever frighten me from the faithful discharge of my public duty."

The complaint of the Chief Justice has been happily exposed by one of our contemporaries.—"What does he complain of? He gave 'a trifle,'—meaning, not, as might be supposed, one of his own pamphlets, but some *money*, to the Bridge-street Association, to assist in the prosecution of political publications; and then makes it a merit that he never took the pains of inquiring *how or by whom* that money was to be laid out. He never 'was at the Committee Room, nor ever was informed who were the Members of the Committee,' nor ever had any knowledge against any of the persons prosecuted. A pretty excuse this. Poor 'unobtrusive, unofficious, unoffending man!'—he *only* gave his money, not taking the trouble to inquire what scoundrel's hand it might fall into—what envious scribbler or malicious pestiferous might direct it, so it was proposed to be directed to some sort of legal prosecution, or persecution, against some writers or publishers. We know not with what sort of 'insult and contempt' his name has been held up to the public; but surely there is nothing which could make him a more fit object for contempt, than the folly which has urged him to put forth an excuse for his, a Judge's, contribution to an Association which higher authorities have declared to be illegal,—the assertion that he knew not *who* the acting men were, or what they were likely to do."—*Morning Chronicle.*

The Moving Bog.—We have received the following letter from Tullamore:—

Tullamore, July 14.—The greatest confusion prevails in this part of the country, owing to the tremendous phenomenon now in motion, with a slow but irresistible and steady progress. The most intelligent men and ablest engineers are wholly unable to ascertain its cause. It commenced on Tuesday, the 25th ultimo; on that day, between seven and eight o'clock in the afternoon, a mighty convulsion, which seemed to rend the bowels of the earth, shook the country for many miles round. The shocks were attended with a noise like the roaring of distant thunder; the earth immediately burst at a place called Kilmalady, or Horseleap, when a torrent of lava issued forth, composed wholly of bog stuff. The force with which it sprung was considerable, and it was attended with a loud whizzing or rustling noise. The spot from whence it issued was bog, only to a very limited extent. The adjoining lands were fine meadows and corn-fields, as hard as Clontarf fields, but a flat country, mostly of reclaimed bog. In fifteen minutes it covered three hundred acres, forcing every thing before it, covering in its progress implements of husbandry, wearing apparel, &c. &c. which happened at the time to be accidentally placed in the direction over which it spread. The people fled before it, uttering cries of terror, quitting their cabins; trees were everywhere torn up by the roots and levelled. At the surface it has the appearance of fermented beer, working over the tubs. On a part of the flat country it was full sixty feet deep—it moves like the tide; you would suppose it sliding over the surface of the soil; but this is not the fact; it tears up the earth in its progress, breaking up the meadows, and tearing up the sod in large flakes, forming rolls as large as wool-packs, some of them twenty feet long. These immense rolls are swallowed up in its progress by the mass of fermented fluid, or thrown out at the edges. They resemble the craws which are rolled on bogs, for roofing houses; but they are harder than they could be made by the strength of men or horses. The soil, consisting of marl and clay, appears strewed upon the surface of the moving mass; it has now covered above four miles. About 3,000 men were employed, making embankments seven feet high, and so broad that two carriages might go abreast on them, which have been since either levelled or overflowed. The number of spectators is immense; they come in jaunting-cars, gigs, &c. &c. to witness this extraordinary phenomenon. The quantity of bog now in motion is estimated at above 2,500 acres. It will probably make its way to Tarbert or Kilrush, and finally discharge itself into the Atlantic. The destruction of the country is truly awful.—*Cork Intelligencer.*

Moving Bog.—From the latest accounts the moving of the bog yet continues unabated, carrying every thing before it; all attempts at fortifying, barricading, &c. have failed, and give way to its overpowering force; it is supposed, that ere this the great road from Clara to Moate is either torn up or covered.—Woodfield House, the seat of Abraham Fuller, Esq. has been deserted, and the furniture, &c. removed. This Gentleman, we are sorry to learn, will lose considerably, a great part of his ground being covered. A very few days more (moving at the same rate) will bring it in conjunction with the Brosna, when the most serious and alarming consequences are apprehended from turning the course of the river.—*Westmeath Journal.*

Church and State Delicacy.—A weekly paper which publishes an impudent forgery, purporting to be a letter from the King to his People; contains the following remarks on his Majesty's conduct at the theatre:—

" In the course of the play, at the following passage, 'These Irishmen are Devils of fellows among the women,' the King turned round to the Duke of W——n with an archness not to be mistaken." Now though the French caricaturists have taken some liberty with the great captain, and drawn him astride of a great gun in pursuit of the fair, we scarcely expected a paper, which rests its claims upon its editor being the author of the King's letter to his subjects, the "burden of the song" of which letter is the indelicacy of the Queen, would have been the first to publish such a story as this. Well may the Monarch exclaim,

" protect me from my friends, and I'll protect myself from my enemies."

Portsmouth. Aug. 10.—In furtherance of the system of retrenchment by Government now so actively going on, this morning orders were received at the Dock-yard, that in future the working-days were to be only five in the week, and that the gates and doors of every department should be closed on Friday night, and not re-opened until Monday morning. The different persons employed in the yard amount to about 3,500, and the saving to public will be nearly 600/- per week. The same system, we understand, it is to be pursued at the other Royal Yards. We may therefore calculate, that the saving will be considerably above 50,000/- a year. Portsmouth Yard is well stocked with timber of every description, in case of emergency, the greater part of which is housed.

Sailed this morning, the *Niemen*, Capt. Silby, having General Sir T. Maitland on board, for the Mediterranean.

The *Tyne*, Capt. J. R. White, after her return from conveying the remains of her Majesty, will refit for the East Indies.

The Rev. Orfeur Deacon, son of W. Deacon, Esq. of this town, is appointed Chaplain to the British Factory at Madeira.

The King.—His MAJESTY, immediately after his Coronation commissioned Sir T. LAWRENCE, President of the Royal Academy, to paint a new Portrait of him in his Coronation robes, and seated in St. Edward's chair, with the Crown of England upon his head, and the Sceptre in his hand, as he appeared enthroned in the Abbey. The Picture, which is of great magnitude, to admit the various concomitants, is already far advanced, and probably will be the most successful from the pencil of the President. It promises far to excel in magnificence and splendour, the famous Picture of the *Pope*, by the same Artist, belonging to his MAJESTY. When finished, it is the intention of his MAJESTY to present duplicates of it to various Corporation Halls in the United Kingdom.—*Courier.*

The Dowager Countess of MEXBOROUGH, we regret to state, departed this life at half-past ten o'clock on Thursday evening, the 9th of August, at her house in Dover-street.

The Queen.—Last evening (Aug. 10) the workmen of Messrs. Bailey and Saunders, the King's upholsterers, commenced covering the whole of the vestibule and entrance-hall of Brandenburgh-house, with black cloth; and this-day (Aug. 12) at noon, they had made great progress in their work. Mr. Bailey attended yesterday at Brandenburgh-house, and took the dimensions of a large room on the ground floor, for the purpose of fitting it up as the state apartment, into which the body of her Majesty will be removed to-morrow, by which time it is believed the workmen will be able, with great exertions, to finish it. In this room, there will be a bier, over which a canopy will be erected; the walls and floor covered with black cloth, and relieved with fringe and different heraldic ornaments. Chandeliers and wax candles will hang pendent from the ceiling. The body will lie in state part of to-morrow and Monday, when it is decided that the procession will move from Hammersmith. Last evening the lead coffin was soldered up, in the presence of the Household and Executors of her late Majesty. The external coffin will be conveyed to Brandenburgh House on Monday morning. The coffin is now completely finished, except the plate, which is not yet fastened on the lid. The plate was sent to the Undertakers' last night; it is very large and massive, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, gilt and burnished. The following is the inscription:—

Depositum.

Serenissimæ Principessæ

"Carolineæ Amelieæ Elizabethæ,"

Dei Gratia Reginæ Consortis.

Augustissimi Potentissimi Monarchæ,

Georgii Quarti,

Dei Gratia Britanniarum Regis Fidei

Defensoris Regis Hanoveræ ac Brunsvici

at Luneburgi Duci

Obit VII. die mensis Augusti

Anno Domini MDCCXXI

Ætatis Sue LIV.

Economy.—Report states that Ministers have already commenced the work of retrenchment, to which they stand pledged by the King's Speech at the close of the last Session of Parliament. The 91st, 92d, and 93d regiments of foot, the 7th dragoon guards, the 18th hussars, 19th lancers, 2d Ceylon regiment, and two West India regiments, one battalion of the Royals, and one of the 60th, are, it is said, intended for reduction. The complement of men in each company of the remaining regiments, and the second Majors, it is also said, will be reduced. The salaries of the clerks in all the public officers are also to suffer a considerable diminution. One report states, that all salaries above 200l. a-year are to be reduced 20l. per cent. Another report states, that the reduction will be on a graduated scale, viz. —all salaries from 200l. to 500l. a year, a reduction of five per cent.; from 500l. a year to 1000l. a reduction of ten per cent.; and all above 1000l. a year a reduction of fifteen per cent. From the fall in the price of the necessities of life, particularly the article of bread, it is estimated that the salaries thus reduced furnish means of subsistence equal to their produce at the time the parties became possessed of them.—*Sun.*

Magnificent Ball and Supper.—The Duke de GRAMMONT, Ambassador Extraordinary from his Majesty the King of FRANCE gave a magnificent ball and supper in honour of the Coronation, on Friday Evening, (July 27) at ALMACK's Rooms. The hall and staircase were decorated with shrubs and flowers; the ball room displayed uncommon splendour, the floor was beautifully chalked; the orchestra was entwined with laurel, shrubs, and flowers, round the room were placed a profusion of pots of the choicest flowers and evergreens, &c. There were five superb rich cut diamond lustres with wax lights round the room, to the number of nearly 1100. His MAJESTY arrived about eleven o'clock (when dancing commenced), and conversed with most of the distinguished foreigners, as well as with a great part of the company. The anti-chamber adjoining the Ball-room was set apart for supper for his MAJESTY, the Royal Family, and the foreign Ambassadors, and where covers were laid for 44; the table displayed great magnificence. The two supper rooms below stairs, had covers laid for upwards of 400. The supper which consisted of every luxury and delicacy of the season, was announced about two o'clock, when his MAJESTY took leave and retired. Dancing recommenced soon after three, and continued until past six on Saturday morning. There were between 6 and 700 distinguished fashionables present.

Convents and Conventual Education.—The *Gazette de France* gives an account of the profession of four Nuns and a Lay-sister, in the Ursuline Convent at Valenciennes, and describes the ceremony as very affecting. It is so, and so is the fact that the restoration of these superstitious self-dedications, should form a part of the restoration of Europe. This Convent of Ursulines undertakes the instruction of females, and thus a mode of education, utterly unfit for the world and the times, is once more extending as a branch of social order. Whilst this is going on in one part of France, Spanish Monks of La Trappe, whose monastery has been suppressed in Spain, are traversing it in another. Strange reverses these—and very significant of the times; the general movement, however, is obvious enough; not directly in a right line, probably, but certainly in a right direction.

Power of Machinery.—Mr. Owen calculates that two hundred arms, with machines, now manufacture as much cotton as twenty millions of arms were able to manufacture without machines forty years ago; and that the cotton now manufactured in the course of one year, in Great Britain, would require, without machines, sixteen millions of workmen with simple wheels. He calculates further, that the quantity of manufactures of all sorts, at present produced by British workmen with the aid of machines, is so great, that it would require, without the assistance of machinery, the labour of four hundred millions of workmen! At some of the cotton-mills in Manchester, yarn has been spun so fine as to require 350 hanks to weigh one pound avoirdupoise. The perimeter of the common reel being one yard and a half; 80 threads or revolutions would measure 120 yards, and one hank seven times as much, or 840 yards, multiplied by 350, gives 294,840 yards, or 167 miles and a fraction!

Military Promotions.—It escaped our notice that in a late *Gazette*, among the military promotions, the name of Ensign FLETCHER is advanced to a Lieutenantcy in the Guards by *purchase*. This is the son of that FLETCHER who absconded when charged with the horrible crime of printing and circulating the most insidious provocations to rebellion, and imputing them to the Reformers. The young man bears an unimpeached character, and he has found friends, as his promotion is by *purchase*.

A Morning Paper says, "Mr. BETTY, so celebrated in the theatrical world, under the influence of a brain fever, attempted to destroy himself a day or two ago." The wound is very slight, and we trust that he will soon be restored to his former health. There is not a man who knows his amiable and excellent qualities who will not join with us in this wish.

We have heard that a gentleman in the vicinity of Glasgow has received from his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Alexandria, in Egypt, letters which mention that a sloop of war had been daily expected from Malta, with engineers to survey and report on the practability of transporting immediately to London the famous needle of Cleopatra, which lies prostrate. In London it will be a truly noble monument, while at Alexandria it is useless. They also inform that the military expedition of MAHOMET ALI, PASHA, under the command of his son ISMAEL, and directed towards the south, had captured Dongala, and it was supposed that of Shinaar and Durfour, were the particular objects in view.—We are sorry to hear there is a want of a Christian Church and Chaplain at Alexandria, where there are so many Franks. Trade was dull and money scarce. A number of English travellers had arrived on their way to Upper Egypt.—*Edinburgh Star.*

Wednesday, the LORD ADVOCATE received a warrant from his MAJESTY, declaring his Royal pleasure to extend his grace and mercy to 51 persons, against whom true bills for high treason were found before the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, held in Scotland last year, but who were not brought to trial, owing to their having absconded. Immediate orders were in consequence given, that such of these persons as have been taken into custody should be liberated in the course of this-day (Thursday, July 19), being that fixed for his MAJESTY's Coronation, and all proceedings against the others have been ordered to be discharged.—*Edinburgh Star.*

The mails from London to Dover are in future to be conveyed in ten hours, and forwarded from Dover to Calais by steam-packets, which it is calculated will cross in about two hours.

Drury Lane.—There was rather a fuller house last night (July 25) than on the night of Mr. KEAN's first appearance after his return, to witness his performance of *Shylock*; still the boxes were far from being crowded; a circumstance which proves how limited the public anxiety was during his absence. Notwithstanding, however, a visible decline in the force of the impression which he was used to make upon his audience, there were many scenes wrought out with a masterly hand. The scene of "the bond" was performed, not only by Mr. KEAN, but by all the persons concerned in it, in a very effective manner. Mrs. EGERTON, as *Portia*, looked badly, but acted well. Her "woman's ringlets," glittering over a lawyer's robe, took away the delusion of the scene. The same mark is to be applied to Mrs. ORGER, who, however, in other respects, looked a studious and demure scribe.—Upon the whole, the play appeared to give general delight; though truth requires of us to add, that Mr. KEAN appears changed, not for the better, from what he was some three or four years ago.

Import of Cotton.—The import of Cotton last week was 26,988 bales, &c. viz.—from New Orleans, 6,072; other United States, 13,354; Brazil, 6,323; West Indies, 58; East Indies 700; and Europe, 481; besides a number of vessels which arrived from the United States on Saturday, Sunday, and yesterday, (21st, 22d, and 23d of July,) which have not yet been reported.—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

• Lines

Addressed to a Lady and Gentleman who, after a long Courtship, broke off the match on a difference about the Settlement.

Away, away ! your love was nought,
 On such, Love's beams could never dawn ;
 He does not buy, nor is he bought,
 And therefore is he naked drawn.

*True Love has nothing of his own
To bribe the maiden to believe;
And loving for love's sake alone.
He has NO POCKETS to receive!**

* See the *Ephemerides of Phials*. Bl. let. 1586. There were two Cupids. The one hero spoken of is the son of Jupiter and Venus, and he was not blind. Prynchus, in *Athenaeus*, 1. 18, alluding to his eyes, uses this phrase, *oꝝ Epwrc the light of Love*: the other, the offspring of Nox and Erebus, was of a very different disposition, and he is represented as blind. With relation to this Cupid, Erasmus says, the Poets feign him blind, he is so impudent—were his eyes open nobody would trust him.

"Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes
That I may avoid him."—SHAKESPEARE'S *Much Ado*.

THE BALANCE OF POWER.

The balance of Power for three hundred years,
Has cost us some money, some blood and some fears;
But now we may sing, and be easy and merry,
Since 't is settled at last by my Lord LONDONDERRY—
Who, to save this expenditure now of no use,
Has conveyed and assigned it in trust to the *Russe*;
And the *Russe*, I'm persuaded, the trust wo'n't refuse,
Since by dropping an *S* he'll make it a *Ruse*.

Coronation Details.

The Scramble.—As soon as his Majesty retired, according to immemorial custom, to the observance of which it was not at all necessary to open the doors of the Hall to the populace, a rush was made by hundreds of Ladies and Gentlemen, and persons of greater dignity, to plunder the royal table; in which, "O dire omen," the Throne was overthrown! When this tumult had subsided, the hungry spectators, who had swarmed down from the galleries into the area of the Hall, began to occupy the tables which the guests had left, and the remainder of the dinner and dessert quickly disappeared. It was now discovered that the tables occupied by the Bishops and the Aldermen afforded the fewest reliefs to the scramblers. No doubt the temperance of the Right Reverend personages had been consulted by a limited frugality in the service of their board. As for the City personages, they had come a long way by water in the morning, and their appetites had been naturally sharpened by the fatigues of the day. During the time the company were amusing themselves, some of the chorister boys, probably the traditional historians of the privilege, got upon the tables and began to demolish the ornaments.—The plundering begun by this brave assertion of ancient right and custom, in an instant became universal. Ladies were seen in every part beseeching the Gentlemen to assist their fair endeavours to procure some memento of the Coronation Saturnalia. For ourselves we came off with but a slender share of the spoil—our wonted modesty was indeed, a great detriment to our success. We only acquired a wreath of flowers and the leg of a golden cup the bowl of which an athletic Dowager had wrenched off for the convenience of pocketting—perhaps we should say, of ridiculing.—There, might be seen the most graceful maidens, in the blushing innocence of beauty and simplicity, bagging, as they hurried off, some splendid trophy of the powerful influence of their charms, on the scarlet youths, the attendants of the Nobles; and here the composed matrons with gilded baskets and glittering salvers.—At the Barons' table we saw a "a gorgeous dame," who had taken possession of a golden statue of Britannia and her lion too stupendous for her to carry; but, doating over her magnificent acquisition, she waited in patience for the assistance of some Judge or Privy Councillor to help her home with it. In a word: after the departure of the King from the Hall, a scene of good-humoured freedom and innocent licentiousness took place, which was exceedingly amusing; and we do think, as an ancient custom, it was not one of the most undeserving of observance of all those that were performed in the course of the day.—*Star.*

Her Majesty's Illness.—There have been many conjectures as to the immediate cause of her Majesty's illness. We have every reason to believe, that, independent of the general state of suspense and agitation in which her Majesty may naturally be supposed to have passed her time since her last arrival in England, the circumstances attended on her visit to the scene of the Coronation, on the morning of the 19th of July, may have materially contributed to bring on that crisis which terminated in her dissolution.

Without referring to those circumstances which have been already known, we shall instance two which have been recently related, and which illustrate her conscious innocence, and the sweetness of her disposition. On Saturday night last, when her professional advisers were talking with her respecting her worldly affairs, one of them suggested the propriety sending a messenger to Italy to seal up her papers to prevent their falling into the hands of her enemies. "And what if they do?" exclaimed her Majesty, "I have no papers that they may not see: they can find nothing, because there is nothing, nor ever has been, to impeach my character." Her legal adviser said he was perfectly aware of that; but he could not but believe that her enemies might put there what they did not find. She replied, "that she had always defied their malice, and she defied it still."—The other anecdote shows how careful she, whom almost all parties and persons had in turn wounded, was of wounding the feelings of others. To amuse herself she was generally occupied two or three hours of a morning in committing to a diary various reflections on the events of the preceding day, and as she had a great relish for humour, she had (as she herself asserted) sometimes indulged herself in recording any peculiarity of character that forced itself on her notice. Her Majesty said that the sole purpose of this Journal was to while away a few hours of time that sometimes hung rather heavily, and that the purpose having been answered, it was now proper to destroy the book; especially as, though written with no such intention it might cause pain where she should grieve to produce any thing but pleasure. She therefore ordered Mariette Brune to burn the diary, and the girl accordingly burnt it. Those who knew the fact, the unerring sagacity with which her Majesty appreciated the character of people almost at first sight, with the singular point and spirit of her phrasology, will regret the destruction of this manuscript as a serious loss, but all will admire the delicacy of mind which dictated its destruction.

The following paragraph has appeared in two morning papers. One of these acknowledges it came from an unknown source; but the matter to which it refers cannot be unknown, and the anecdotes it states will not long remain without a confirmation. In the mean time, from their nature and bearing, they cannot fail to be highly interesting:—

" All but those who have an interest to say otherwise, must believe and affirm that her Majesty literally died of grief; for the disease which brought her to the grave was occasioned by the suppression of sorrow. Apparently she was ever the gayest of the company, the life of the house she made so happy, by her kindness and affability. She would not that even her friends, her dearest friends, should know how much she suffered; but it is difficult always to deceive the anxious eye of affection and devoted friendship; and those who were most with her, and knew her, and knew her best, saw with pain that her spirits were all forced—that her gaiety was not that of the heart—that she suffered most deeply, and felt all her wrongs with the most bitter anguish, the more heart-rending that she would not admit the sympathy of friendship for she would never own her grief; yet, sometimes, when to casual observers she appeared to be fully engaged at any amusement she was fond of; when she seemed the most free from care or thought, those who watched her every look with the anxious eye of devoted attachment and fidelity, have seen the tear of silent agony steal down her cheek when she thought no one was near who could observe that the Queen of England wept at the cruelty of her malignant enemies. Few things during the last year of her trials and sufferings gave her so much pain as the circumstance of her refusal to accept of the grant from Parliament. She had originally determined in her own mind to accept it, as the first gracious act of the Sovereign towards her; but she was otherwise advised, and she yielded to that advice. But the severest blow to her feelings was the necessity which forced her for once to submit to retract what she had said: firm as she was of purpose and always decisive, to yield to her enemies inflicted a wound she never recovered: and what gave more anguish still, was the thought that her enemies would in triumph exclaim "She has yielded." And for what? For money; which she cared not for; and which, at last, she only accepted to enable her to pay her debts: for at the moment she agreed to accept, the money from Parliament, she had not 10L in the house to defray the common expense of the day, and nothing at her banker's. She expected that, on her agreeing to take the grant, Government would have given her a house and some outfit for her establishment, when she would have paid all her debts and have been quite satisfied as to pecuniary affairs; for she never valued money for her own personal gratification. Instead of this they deducted upwards of 4,000L which they had paid for a carriage and house-rent.

LITERATURE

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New Cantos of Byron's Don Juan.

LITERARY GAZETTE, AUGUST 11, 1821.

Three more cantos of Don Juan, bearing all the needful impresses (by commission and omission, if a negative can be spoken of positively), to identify them with the two preceding, have just blushed into being. They are destitute of an author's name, and without a publisher's: they are printed by Davison, and they are poetical and immoral. But they are, in the latter respect, inferior to their predecessors, for the beauties are not so prominent, and their tendency to obscenity is of a more depraved kind, devoid of that glow and nature which almost redeemed the earlier loves of the hero. Indeed, the imagination roveth from the ideas on which the fifth canto chiefly dwells; and whether the abominations of Oriental customs, or the hardly less disgusting picture of female passion seeking gratification in the most direct and coarsest way, be the theme; it must be avowed, that not only taste and virtue, but every good and manly feeling, would shun its pollution. We are sorry that Lord Byron has fallen into this grossness. We can laugh at the bitterness of his scoffs, for they are often very playful; but we cannot pardon that foulness which he pours into the hearts of his readers, disguised and rendered pleasing by his talent, as poisons are sometimes administered in the sweetest draught or coolest beverage.

But be the offences of Don Juan what they may, we must endeavour to sooth our compunctions visitings, and afford a view of this performance. We cannot stop the infection any more than we could arrest the plague; and all we can do is, to take care that while we do justice to the writer, we do no harm to our readers, by disseminating what appears to us to be pernicious.

The story sets out with a continuation of the amour of Don Juan and Haidée, who are described as revelling, without restraint, in love and luxury, under a belief that the pirate parent of the fair Greek is dead. The contents of the third canto are briefly summed up in one of its own stanzas, where the author, returning from one of his many digressions, says

"But to my subject—let me see—what was it?
Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty pair—
Their loves, and feasts, and house, and dress, and mode
Of living in their insular abode."

In executing this design, the noble lord sets out with a half-serious, half-jesting tilt against women and marriage; constraining the sex in his European dislikes, and the shackles of his peculiar abhorrence, with the free manners of Haidée, and the equally free intercourse between that pure creature and her pure lover. This is prettily and humorously done.

"Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours
Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
With cypress branches hast thou wretched thy bowers,
And made thy best interpreter a sigh?
As those who dote on odours pluck the flowers,
And place them on their breast—but place to die—
Thus the frail beings we would fondly cherish
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish."

In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is Love,
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over,
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,
As you may find, whene'er you like to prove her:
One man alone at first her heart can move;
She then prefers him in the plural number,
Not finding that the additions much encumber."

"Tis melancholy and a fearful sign
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,
That love and marriage rarely can combine,
Although they both are born in the same clime;
Marriage from love, like, vinegar from wine—
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour
Down to a very homely household savour.

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,
Between their present and their future state;
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair.
Is used until the truth arrives too late—
Yet what can people do, except despair?
The same things change their names at such a rate;
For instance—passion in a lover's glories,
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;
They sometimes also get a little tired,
(But that, of course, is rare), and then despond:
The same things cannot always be admired,
Yet 'tis so nominated in the bond,'
That both are tied till one shall have expired.
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was adoring
Our days, and put one's servants into mourning.

There's doubtless something in domestic doings,
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithesis;
Romances paint at full length people's wooings,
But only give a bust of marriages;
For no one cares for matrimonial coolings,
There's nothing wrong in a connubial kiss;
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife,
He would have written sonnets all his life?

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,
All comedies are ended by a marriage;
The future states of both are left to faith,
For authors fear description might disparage
The worlds to come of both, or fall beneath,
And then both worlds would punish their miscarriage;
So leaving each their priest and prayer-book ready,
They say no more of Death or of the Lady."

We have frequent recurrences to the same vein, but, ere we quote the most remarkable, we had better carry the tale on with us. Lambro, the pirate, so far from being dead, has only

"Pursued o'er the high-seas his watery journey,
And merely practised as a Sea-attorney."

He makes many rich captures, among the rest—

“He had chain'd
His prisoners, dividing them like chapters
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and collars,
And averaged each, from ten to a hundred dollars.

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,
Among his friends the Mainots; some he sold
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being old);
The rest—saw here and there some richer one,
Reserved for future ransom in the hold,
Were link'd alike, as for the common people he
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.”

With these he returns home, and the particulars of his voyage are detailed in that style, which marks the paraphrases of the poet, when he condescends to put pages of prose travels into rhyme. The impressions of the father, on approaching his own abode, are given in a manner as amusing as any part of the work.

“Arriving at the summit of a hill
Which overlook'd the white walls of his home,
We stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill
Their bosoms who have been induced to roam!
With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—
With love for many, and with fears for some,
All feelings which o'er leap the years long lost,
And bring our hearts back to their starting-post.

The approach of home to husbands and to sires,
After long travelling by land or water,
Most naturally some small doubts inspires—
A female family's a serious matter;
(None trusts the sex more, or so much admires,
But they hate flattery, so I never flatter);
Wives in their husbands' absences grow subtler,
And daughters sometimes run off with the butler.

An honest gentleman at his return
May not have the good fortune of Ulysses;
Not all lone matrons for their husbands mourn,
Or show the same dislike to suitors' kisses;
The odds are that he finds a handsome man
To his memory, and two or three young misses
Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,
And that his Argus bites him by—the breeches.
If single, probably his plighted fair
Has in his absence wedded some rich miser;
But all the better, for the happy pair
May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,
He may resume his amatory care
As cavalier servente, or despise her;

And that his sorrow may not be a dumb one,
Write Jodes on the Inconstancy of Woman.
And oh! ye gentlemen who have already
Some chaste *lesions* of the kind—I mean
An honest friendship with a married lady—
The only thing of this sort ever seen
To last—of all connexions the most steady,
And the true Hymen, (the first's but a screen)
Yet for all that keep not too long away,
I've known the absent wrong'd four times a day.
Iambro, our Sea-solicitor, who had
Much less experience of dry land than ocean,
On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt glad;
But not knowing metaphysics, had no notion
Of the true reason of his not being sad,
Or that of any other strong emotion;
He loved his child, and would have wept the loss of her,
But knew the cause no more than a philosopher."

This natural fondness, however, receives a severe check, when he finds his daughter, instead of mourning his wreck, feasting with her adored Juan. These revels and the pirate's wrath are painted at length, but with so little of wit or interest, that we find no stanzas which we could quote in the hope of affording pleasure. Among their entertainments, a poet is introduced to sing to them, and as his hymn is a whole, not only rich in classical remembrances, but applicable to the present times, we shall present it entire.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sunset where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blast?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled,
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae!
What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, 'Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb,
In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?
Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.
The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Militiades!
O! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heraclidian blood might own.
Trust not for freedom, to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.
Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May here our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die!
A land of slaves shall n'er be mine;
Dash down you cup of Samian wine!

The reflections upon this hymn are quite Byronic.

"Thus sung, or would, or could, or should have sung,
The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;
If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece was young,
Yet in these times he might have done much worse;
His strain display'd some feeling—right or wrong;
And feeling, in a poet, is the source
Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,
And take all colours—like the hands of dyers.
But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
Of ages; to what straits old Time reduces
Frai man, when paper—even a rag like this,
Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's his.
And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
Or graven stone found in a barrack's station
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.
And glory long has made the sages smile;
'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion, wind—
Depending more upon the historian's style,
Than on the name a person leaves behind;

Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to Hoyle;
The present century was growing blind
To the great Marlborough's skill in giving knocks,
Until his late life by Archdeacon Coxe."

We have from this a digression upon some of our elder authors, and a slap at some of his lordship's contemporaries.

"All are not moralists, like Southey, when
He prated to the world of "Pantisocracy;"
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unshred, who then
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy;
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen.
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;
When he and Southey, following the same path,
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

Such names at present cut a convict figure,
The very Botany Bay in moral geography;
Their loyal treason, renegado vigour,
Are good manure for their more bare biography.
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is bigger
Than any since the birth-day of typography;
A clumsy frowsy poem, call'd the "Excursion,"
Writ in a manner which is my aversion."

Notwithstanding these cruel tants, it is curious to observe, that in this poem there is a mixture of devotion, as if the noble writer had been half persuaded to turn christian. The following specimen may be adduced in support of this miracle:

"The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
The Arab lute and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired;
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!
Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power;
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aghast,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh, that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,
In nameless print—that I have no devotion;
But set those persons down with me to pray,
And you shall see who has the properest notion
Of getting into Heaven the shortest way.
My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the great Whole,
Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.
Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccacio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thou!

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
Making their summer-lives one ceaseless song,
Where the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye,
Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,

To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ab; surely nothing dies but something mourns!

Though there is something of merry-making mingled in these thoughts, we will take their better construction in the moral sense, and hope they are sincere; as for their poetical grace, they are not surpass'd in the volume before us.

Canto IV. breaks with allusions to himself; and as every thing connected with such a man is interesting, we shall copy the passage.

"As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,
And wish'd that others held the same opinion;
They took it up when my days grew more mellow,
And other minds acknowledged my dominion:
Now my mere fancy 'falls into the yellow
Leaf,' and imagination droops her pinion,
And the sad truth which hovers o'er my desk
Turns what was once romantic to burlesque.

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
Itself to apathy, which we must steep
First in the icy depths of Lethe's spring
Ere what we least wish to behold will sleep;
Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

Some have accused me of a strange design
Against the creed and morals of the land,
And trace it in this poem every line;
I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be very fine;
But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,
Unless it was to be a moment merry,
A novel word in my vocabulary.

To the kind reader of our sober clime
This way of writing will appear exotic;
Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,
Who sang when chivalry was more Quixotic,
And revel'd in the fancies of the time,
True knights, chaste dames, huge giants, kings despotic;
But all these, save the last, being obsolete,
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

How I have treated it, I do not know;
Perhaps no better than they have treated me
Who have imputed such designs as show
Not what they saw, but what they wished to see;
But if it gives them pleasure, be it so.
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are free;
Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,
And tells me to resume my story here."

Elsewhere he advert's to the same subject:—

"Here I might enter on a chaste description,
Having withstood temptation in my youth,
But hear that several people take exception
At the first two Books having too much truth;
Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the ship soon,
Because the publisher declares, in sooth,
Through needles' eyes it easier for the camel is
To pass, than those two cantos into families.

'Tis all the same to me; I'm fond of yielding,
And therefore leave them to the purer page
Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,
Who say strange things for so correct an age;
I once had great alacrity in wielding
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,

* Thibaut, Count of Navarre, was the first who wrote in the Ottawa Rime, some centuries before Pulci was born. ED.

And recollect the time when all this cant
Would have provoked remarks which now it shan't.

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a squabble;
But at this hour I wish to part in peace,
Leaving such to the literary rabble,
Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to cease
While the right hand which wrote it still is able,
Or of some centuries to take a lease;
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song.

Of poets who come down to us through distance
Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of Fame,
Life seems the smallest portion of existence;
Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,
Tis as a snow-ball which derives assistance
From every flake, and yet rolls on the same,
Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow,
But after all 'tis nothing but cold snow.

And so great names are nothing more than nominal,
And love of glory's but an airy lust,
Too often in its fury overcoming all
Who would, as 'twere, identify their dust
From out the wide destruction, which, entombing all,
Leaves nothing till the coming of the just—
Save change; I've stood upon Achilles' tomb,
And heard Troy doubted; time will doubt of Rome.

The very generations of the dead
Are swept away, and tomb inherits tomb,
Until the memory of an age is fled,
And, buried, sinks beneath its offspring's doom:
Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral gloom
Which once-named myriads nameless lie beneath,
And lose their own in universal death.

I canter by the spot each afternoon
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-boy,
Who lived too long for men, but died too soon
For human vanity, the young De Foix!
A broken pillar, not unctly hewn,
But which neglect is hastening to destroy,
Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,
While weeds and ordure rankle round the base.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid:
A little cnpola, more neat than solemn,
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid
To the bard's tomb, and not the warrior's column:
The time must come, when both alike decay'd,
The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's volume,
Will sink where lie the songs and wars of earth,
Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth."

But we must return to the narrative, so often and so oddly interrupted. Juan and Haidée feel a presentiment of misfortune; and there is a playful comparison between the effects of love and wine, as a remedy for sadness.

— "She press'd
His lip to hers, and silenced him with this,
And then dismiss'd the omen from her breast,
Defying augury with that fond kiss:
And no doubt of all methods—'tis the best:
Some people prefer wine—'tis not amiss;
I have tried both: so those who would a partake
May choose between the headache and the heart-ache.

One of the two, according to your choice,
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;
Both maladies are taxes on our joys:
But which to choose I really hardly know;
And if I had to give a casting voice,
For both sides I could many reasons show,
And then decide, without great wrong to either,
It were much better to have both than neither."

The sequel has much of beauty:

* Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong,

The world was not for them, nor the world's art,
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;
Love was born with them, in them, so intense,
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

They should have lived together deep in woods,
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes
Called social, where all vice and hatred are;
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow
Flock o'er their carion, just as mortals do.

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,
For ever and anon a something shook
Juan, and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook
A wordless music, and her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream as rose-leaves' with the air;

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind
Walks over it, was she shaken by the dream,
The mystical usurper of the mind—
Overpowering us to be whate'er may seem
Good to the soul which we no more can bind:
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be)
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,
Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how, but stir
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar
Grew, and each wave rose roughly, threatening her;
And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd
O'er the sharp things with her bleeding feet,
And stumbled almost every step she made;
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,
Which she must still pursue how'er afraid;
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

The dream changed; in a cave she stood, its walls
Were hung with marble icicles; the work
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk.
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and mark
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,
Which froze to marble as it fell, she thought.

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,
Which she essay'd in vain to clear (how sweet
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now!)
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat
Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges low
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face
Faded, or alter'd into something new—
Like to her father's features, till each trace
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—
With all his keen-worn look and Grecian grace;
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?
Oh Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there;
'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!"

Having allowed so much space to this review, and desiring rather that it should display the poem, than our criticism (having also another period in sight, on which, to take up the great question of Lord Byron, as a poet), we shall not occupy our columns with pointing out the half lines which have escaped the author. The versification is generally smooth: but altogether these cantos are decidedly a falling off from the first publication of *Don Juan*, not only as regards the interest of the tale, but also the poignancy of the humour, and the beauty of the composition.

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

—177—

Elegy on my Father.

Howl on ye winds, round Ulster's steep,
And lash, ye waves, the shore :
Ye cannot break my Father's sleep,
He sleeps to wake no more.
And cold is now that lifeless form,
That oft to battle led ;
That oft has stood the bursting storm,
Oft for his country bled.
Thy dying eyes the seamen closed,
That ached for distant friends,
Sadly those manly limbs composed,
With looks that sorrow lends.
And as they launched thee to the deep,
Into thy watery bier,
They bade thee sleep a wakeless sleep,
Nor surging billows hear.
Thy bandsmen raised thy funeral wail,
No mourning pall was there,
Thy shroud was of the shattered sail,
No gilded coffin's glare.
T'were vain to tell thy widow's tears,
That on thy death were shed,
For infant orphans were her fears,
Her sighs were for the dead,
Tho' from our helm, in life's rude storm,
Too soon thy hand was torn,
Yet gone's the clouds that did deform,
Life's dark and lowering morn.
Yet thou shalt hail, Life's tempests o'er,
Each one that's dear to thee,
Upon thy fair and happy shore,
Each bark safe-moor'd shall be.

ARION.

Falls of Rewah.

JOURNAL OF A ROUTE TO THE FALLS OF REWAH.

SIR, *To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.*

Being induced by the splendid accounts we received of the grandeur and magnificence of the Falls in Rewah, from those who had visited those sublime objects of nature, to undertake a journey towards them, in order to satisfy our laudable curiosity, a party, accordingly, consisting of several Officers of this Corps, set off from Lohr, on the evening of the 9th, and reached the Village of Gungecoh that night, distant 8 miles. If the following brief account of our journey to places so little known, and seldom visited, should prove worthy of being inserted in your JOURNAL, it will afford me the sincerest pleasure, and may tend, I hope, to entertain your numerous readers.

Having encamped for the night at Gungecoh, we marched the next morning to Kaioutee, where the first of the Falls is situated, about 9 miles from our former Camp, travelling in a Westerly direction through a level and well cultivated country. Nothing is either heard or seen of the Fall, till you approach within a few hundred yards, when all at once a deep and precipitous chasm in the earth is presented to the eye, and the roaring of water announces it to be near at hand. On advancing by the South side of the stream, which forms the Cascade and is called the Mahanuddy, a spectator is compelled to cross, so as to obtain a complete and perfect view of the Fall, which flows into a circular basin, projecting inwards, and forming a kind of dock, from which the water empties itself out at the farther end. The opposite side of the pool is the best place to view it; its bank being considerably raised above the top of the Fall, commands a fine and extensive prospect of the scenery, above, below, and around. On a rising ground, covered with jungle, situated between the Mahanuddy and a dry dell, which during

the rains, the Natives say, is filled with water, stands a Hindoo Temple, conspicuous neither for neatness or elegance of Architecture, but plain and dirty in the extreme.

This hillock, during the months of July and August, is an island, being surrounded on three sides by a torrent of water, and having the other facing towards the precipice, bounded by air. On the right, but farther down the glen, and at the top of a high and rocky bank, having its surface overrun with jungle, is situated the Fort, which has certainly a bold and imposing aspect. It extends along the cliff for about 200 yards, flanked at each end by a bastion; the other sides looking to the villages, in the rear of which our Camp was pitched, seem to be weak and irregular. It is surrounded by a wall of unequal height, but no ditch; and only that side facing the glen, shows any strength, or at all has the appearance of a fortification.

Having made these preliminary observations, the better to point out the exact situation of the "Fall" with regard to the surrounding objects, it becomes necessary to speak of its height, appearance, and the body of water which rushes over. I confess, I was somewhat disappointed, at the small quantity, comparatively speaking, which issues into the basin, and which assuredly fell short of my expectations; however, it is to be remembered, that this is almost the very worst season of the year for viewing it to advantage, and you are to consider whilst beholding it, how awfully grand and majestic it would be, during the season of the rains, then in the height of its glory, and pouring down with tremendous impetuosity, sweeping before it every thing that impedes its progress, and carrying into the abyss, rocks, trees, and sometimes even cattle. The Fall, now, consists of 9 smaller and two larger streams, but joined one with the other, on account of the foam and spray, which issues from either side of these bodies of water—the stream for half way down the precipice has the appearance of pure white cotton: it then rushes down in the shape of fire rockets flying into the air, but, of course reversed. The spray is seen rising from the pool like smoke or mist, and the whole of the Basin is agitated like the water of the Sea, and the margin similar to the ebbing and flowing of the tide.

The scenery around, so wild and solitary—the roaring of the Cataract so impressive and solemn, with the gloom and dismay of the dell beneath, cannot fail of raising lofty and sublime ideas in the breast of the spectator, and rendering it, at once deeply interesting and terrific! The exact height as measured by an Officer of this Regiment is 270 feet, from the lowest part of the rock to the surface of water in the pool; and I have no doubt if it had been measured from the highest point, there would have been a difference of at least 30 feet.

We descended into the glen by a narrow and precipitous footpath, much impeded by jungle and rocks; here we had a much better view of the Fall than from above, and were more able to judge of its true depth. The Basin is full of alligators, which we had amply proved, seeing one basking on a rock in the sun, and finding the bleached skeleton of another's head underneath a large stone. A dead carcass was also lying at the bottom, but how it got there, is impossible to tell, unless carried down by a tiger, and from there being no deer or other kind of prey, in this part of the country, we inclined to believe there can be no tigers near. After remaining for an hour to rest us after the fatigue, we began the ascent by the opposite side from that which we had come down, which was the left, and found it more steep and difficult of access. Having climbed for an hour and a quarter over rocks and stones, we at length reached the top, just under the South Bastion of the Fort, where some few people were collected to see us; and a motley group we must have appeared, some having the back of their breeches entirely torn away, others completely covered with dirt and mud, some without jackets or waistcoats, while all had something so peculiarly striking and ludicrous, as would have made an admirable subject for the pencil of an artist. Several descended with long-necked spurs screwed to their boots, but soon had reason to repent of this untimely display; for as often as they clambered over rocks, so often did they stumble or fall, and must, in my opinion, have several times, endangered their lives.

As I have now spoken at sufficient length of the "Fall of Kaioutee." I shall proceed to relate our journey to the next, known by the name of the "Fall of the Behur." The general remarks must be nearly the same; for the description of one waterfall, I may say, is a description of another, with a variation of a few points, such as the depth, the body of water, the appearance of the dell, &c. which must always vary in a greater or less degree.

We marched again on the morning of the 11th, crossed the Mahanuddy by a difficult and rocky passage, passed through the village of Rajurh, and after fording the Behur river, encamped to the North of "Chechai", 3 coss or 11 miles distant from Kaioutee. (for the coss of this country are generally between 3 and 4 miles in extent). This is a pretty little village, with a neat small fort, the residence of the Zumeendar. After breakfast we walked along the banks of the stream, which is here about 60 yards broad, down to the Fall, $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour's walk from camp.

This, like the former, comes upon you of a sudden, and the spectator is immediately struck with the difference of heights, which is here 93 feet greater than the other, the water here falling the tremendous depth of 363 feet, which was measured twice by the same Officer as before. The quantity of water is also greater, and falls more in a mass, which gives it a very superb appearance. The basin which receives the Fall, is larger, the dell not so confined, nor the banks so uniformly steep, as Kaioutee; and, although the depth is so much more, the scenery is not so rugged and picturesque, and does not inspire the same emotions on beholding it. I give this as my own opinion only; for there were others in the party who thought it decidedly superior in every respect.

To the brink of the precipice over which the water runs, on either side of the stream, the country is level, and abounding in vegetation; which affords a fine contrast to the rocky cliffs below, and transports the eye in an instant, from the extremity of sameness and flatness, to that of ruggedness, and grandeur. This glen is more extensive than the other, and a short way from the Fall, branches off to the right and left; the former, I believe is the main outlet to the stream, which afterwards joins the Touse in a valley called the Terai. We descended here likewise, crossed the nullah at the bottom, which is broad and rapid, and ascended by the other side, with much difficulty and exertion, owing to the closeness of the jungle. By moon-light, I was told, though I did not visit it myself, that the Fall had a beautiful silvery appearance, and was altogether more imposing and solemn, from the silence and stillness of the hour. It may be proper to remark, that we could neither procure supplies for our Servants nor Cattle, at this same village of Chechai; more, we suspected, from the obstinacy or unwillingness of the Zemindars to grant them, than from any prevailing scarcity. Indeed, the Natives of this country are not over civil or attentive to the English, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could get guides to show us the road; and even when supplies were procured, we had to use threats and entreaties alternately ere they were sent. This was the ease also, with the main body of the regiment, even at the capital of his Highness the Rajah's dominions. The villagers are robust, independent looking men, as different from the poor and simple natives of Bengal, as the one country is from the other. Rewah is hilly and rocky, the scenery varied and beautiful; and since ascending the Soanegurrah Pass, which is the access over the first range of hills, the atmosphere has become fresher and cooler; partly, it may be said, from the advanced season of the year, but chiefly arising from the high table land over which we have been travelling since ascending the hills, and which continued imperceptibly descending until we reached the vale of Myheer.

But to return to the more immediate subject of this letter. We started on the 12th from Chechai, at day-break, crossed the Touse at Tahlurk ghaut, to the right of which is the Waterfall, and pitched our Tents at Utteresab, 1 mile from the river, making this day's journey only 4 miles. The fall of the Touse is not so deep as the other two, being only 210 feet; but the fall of water is far superior, both from there being a greater body, and being divided into two separate and distinct currents.

The grandest of the two which is on the right issues down with tremendous impetuosity, and creates a loud roaring noise to such a degree, as to drown all conversation. A break about 12 feet from the top, causes the fall to project out considerably, and enhances the magnificence of the sight, in a high degree. The glen is narrow, and continues to the bottom almost perpendicular; huge ledges of rock, sent from the great mass, and hanging on, you would imagine, by a very slender and precarious tenure, present a fine bold and wild aspect. If the height of this Fall had been as great as the others, I should have no hesitation in giving it the preference. In point of scenery, it is unequal to Kaioutee, yet certainly superior to Chechai; but it is the quantity of water which rushes down, and the last spray that arises from the pool, which render it, especially at this season of the year, a Fall of more interest and grandeur than the others. The one to the left flows over natural steps, as it were hewn in the rock; and is a pleasing contrast to the impetuous torrent on the right. We threw a deceased dog over with the larger Fall, which went down headlong in capital style, and seemed when it reached the surface of the Basin, uninjured; but no sooner had this been effected, than it instantaneously disappeared from our view, and though we remained some hours afterwards sitting on the top of the crag, it never again rose. The violence and rapidity of the current must have carried it underneath, where it, no doubt sooner or latter, was swallowed and devoured by alligators.

A curious phenomenon, not only with regard to this, but also to the others, is, that the water when it reaches the bottom assumes a *dirty green appearance*, similar to the salt water near the shore, and the taste becomes bad and sour. How this is to be accounted for, I am perfectly ignorant, and should feel obliged to some of your Naturalist Correspondents to give a satisfactory explanation; but, it is to be kept in mind, that not the very great depth of the pools, (which are said to be unfathomable) causes this color, for that which issues out of the basins, and runs over rocks, so shallow as not to come much above the ankle, has the same green aspect. The glen of the Touse is narrow and perpendicular, and does not admit of a person approaching immediately under the Fall, as we did at the rest, on account of the water extending about 40 yards down the dell, from side to side of the descent, and the steepness of the rocks prevents there being a passage on either bank. This was the only Fall of which a Sketch was taken by any of the party, and I dare say, the ingenious Artist, who drew it, may one day favour us, by its publication.

I shall conclude this Letter by observing, that we were all most highly gratified by the sight of those superb natural curiosities, which are the highest Waterfalls known in the world! the highest Fall of Niagara being only 163 feet, and thus making the Fall of Chichai 200 feet greater than that which was once supposed to be the most lofty in the universe!

It may be said, however, the river at St. Lawrence, being a very large and noble stream, that of course the Fall must be far more magnificent and grand than any of those which I have attempted to describe above. That this may be the case in some degree, is true: for it is impossible that either the Mahanuddy, the Behur, or the Touse, can vie with the St. Lawrence; but take the romantic scenery of the first, the great height of the second, the quantity of water and rugged rocks of the last, and contrast them, in a body, with the Falls of Niagara, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt but they would be considered, during the season of the rains, as infinitely more worthy of being recorded and admired than those I have last mentioned, the celebration of which has occupied the pens of so many poets and travellers.

For the information of these, whom duty or pleasure may hereafter lead to this part of the country, I subjoin a copy of our Route from Lohr, the place we left the regiment, to Oomree, where we joined, one day's march, to the S. W. of Rewah.

This is the best part to strike off from the highway, the path, (for it cannot be called a road) being good, and with little or no interruptions.

I am, Sir, Your most Obedient Servant.
Camp, 8th Light Cavalry, }
Belkaree, Nov. 24, 1821. } J.—.

Route to the Waterfalls:—Kaioutee, Chechai, and Tahlush, and thence to Oomree.

From Lohr to	Distance	Rivers and Nullahs.	Direction of the Road.	Remarks.
	Coss. Miles			
Joudpoor,	1 1/4	1 small,		
Gungeeara,	1 1/4			
Bissaolee,	1 1/4	9		
Gungeeoh,	1 1/4	1 small,	N.W.	
Rajah,	2			
Belawan,	2			
Bewahr,	2			
Kaioutee,	1 1/4			
Belarah,	1 1/4	Mahanuddy		
Rajgurh,	1 1/4			
Kihran,	1 1/4			
Purreré,	1 1/4			
Marrelah,	1 1/4			
Chechai,	1 1/4	Behnr,		
Boorjeeah,	1 1/4	3		
Tahlush Ghaut	1 1/4	Touse,	W.	
Beerah,	1	Touse,		
Midul,	1 1/4		S. E.	
Rahut,	1 1/4		by S.	
Dadur,	1 1/4			
Puien,	1 1/4			
Kachow,	1 1/4	11	S. E.	
Bulgar,	1 1/4	2 small,		
Oomree,	1 1/4			Joined the Regt Nov. 14, 1821.
Total	16 1/2	54	8	

Computed breadth of the beds of the Rivers, above the Falls, and filled with water during the Rains.

Mahanuddy 100 yards.
Behur 120 yards.
Touse 250 yards.

Falls of Niagara.—The Fall on the upper side of Canada 142 feet, and the River 600 yards broad. A small Island lies between, and that on the side of the States is 350 yards, while the height is 163 feet.

ANATOMICAL LECTURES.

SIR, To the Editor of the Bengal Hurkara.

The plan proposed by your Correspondent R. N. W. in your Paper of the 28th ultimo, is a most capital one; and would, if carried into effect, be attended with most incalculably beneficial results. For the information of R. N. W., I beg to mention, that for some months past, I have been in the habit of delivering Anatomical Lectures, twice a week, to my Native Doctors, and these men now comprehend the circulation of the blood, the course of the chyle, the descent of ruptures, &c. The measures proposed by your Correspondent are therefore perfectly practicable, and I have no doubt that every Native Doctor would accede to the proposal with pleasure. After some time I mean to afford certificates to the Anatomical pupils of Allahabad, stating that they have for a certain period (specifying the time) been instructed in Anatomy, &c. and recommend this addition, as affording a strong inducement to incite the pupils to be attentive to the Lectures, to the consideration of your Correspondent, who, by the ability of his plan, commands the respect of

Your obedient Servant,
R. TYTLER.

Allahabad, Jan. 4, 1822.

Sonnet.

And hath it fled, for ever from me fled,
That magic spell?—what influence unkind
Works o'er me like some deathly potion?—Dead
Is the sweet witchery of the muse:—my mind
No longer feels th' extatic thrill that erst
Poetic thoughts bestowed;—no more defined
By Poesy, are griefs or joys,—dispers'd
In air, are all those dreams were wont to wind
Their sorcery o'er my soul—Say, shall no more
Thy visits gleam across my lonely way,
Thou faithless Muse?—thou false yet winning ray
Of transient bliss!—Oh! once again restore
The transport of thy music,—that again
Thy charms may cheer a lot of wild unearthly pain!

ROB ROY.

Relief of Debtors.

We feel more than ordinary pleasure in giving insertion to the following Address, which has been handed to us for publication, and which came too late to appear in yesterday's JOURNAL. The object is so self-evidently benevolent, that it cannot need a word from us to strengthen its claims on the public attention:—

The Sheriff of Calcutta respectfully solicits the contributions of the Public to the Fund established in the year 1815, for the relief of persons confined for small debts. The sums then subscribed having been found amply sufficient for the charitable objects of the Institution, it has not been since judged expedient, to make a new application to the community.—But the time has now arrived when such an application is indispensable. After carefully inspecting the accounts, a balance appears against the Fund of Sixta Rupees 483, 6, 9, remaining due to the Treasurer. It will be sufficient to have simply stated this fact.—The Sheriff confidently submits this truly benevolent Charity to the sympathy of the Public, contenting himself with repeating here, (for the information of such persons as may not have seen it before,) the Address which was circulated at the first institution of the Fund.

The Sheriff, from the opportunities he has had of witnessing instances of peculiar hardship and distress, experienced by several individuals confined in the Calcutta Jail, and being convinced that a very moderate contribution from the benevolent members of Society would afford great temporary convenience, and in many instances permanent relief from confinement to many unfortunate persons who have no other chance of regaining liberty, begs to suggest the establishment of a Fund for the relief of the poor prisoners, and solicits the voluntary contribution of such as may approve the plan. In proposing this mode of relief to the unfortunate prisoners, the Sheriff has been chiefly actuated by the consideration that they are debarred from the advantages open to other classes of distressed persons from the Charitable Fund at the Church; the Select Vestry invariably (upon solid grounds) declining all solicitation for relief to poor persons in confinement.

The application of the Funds so subscribed to be under the direction of a Committee, consisting of the Sheriff of Calcutta for the time being, one of the Justices of the Petty Court, and the Foreman of the Grand Jury, and an account of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Fund to be laid before the Grand Jury at each Sessions."

(Signed) JAMES CALDER,
January 2, 1822. Sheriff of Calcutta.

N. B. Donations and Subscriptions to this Charity will be thankfully received by Messrs. Cruttenden, MacKillop, and Co.

Birth.

At JESSORE, on Monday the 17th ultimo, Mrs. ANN THOMAS, the Wife of Mr. WILLIAM THOMAS, Missionary, of a Daughter.

Deaths.

On the 15th instant, the infant Daughter of Mr. JOHN BURROW. At Trichinopoly, on the 29th of November, ENSIGN J. GIBB, of the 1st Battalion 16th Regiment, or Trichinopoly Light Infantry.

Anacreon.

To Himself—i.e. Iaurá.—ODE XXI.

Haste, damsels, haste the mantling bowl,
A flood to cheer my thirsty soul.
Bring, nimbly bring, the rosy wine:
Opprest by Phoebus' rage, I pine.
From yonder bank, select the fair
And cooling flow'rs, I wont to wear;
And shady garlands quickly weave,
My glowing forehead to relieve.
But, oh! my heart! what deep retreat
Shall screen thee from Love's piercing heat?

T. S.

Commercial Reports.

GENOA PRICE CURRENT, AUGUST 2, 1821.

Cacao.—Though usually dull at this season, has gone off currently as follows:—850 bags good Maranham at 11 to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$, and 11 $\frac{1}{2}$, 150 bags inferior at 10 5-6, 5000 lb. Guayaquil at 12, and 8000 lb. Trinidad at 21 Sols.—The demand will be more brisk in September, and continue so until April.—Stocks are small, but any advance on prices will depend upon the extent of our supplies.

Coffee.—Is now more firmly supported than it was at the beginning of last month, and none of the large holders are disposed to sell. The aggregate sales of all qualities, during July have been 380,000 lb. at prices corresponding with our quotations. Mocha is very scarce, and much wanted. Demerara the same—Sumatra is a quality much liked here.

Cotton.—The principal sales have been, 400 bales of Cairo at 80 to 91, 40 ditto Bengal at 86, 115 ditto Bahia at 150, and a few bales of Sicilian at 138 liv.

Sugar.—The demand for Crushed Sugar has been very steady.—The supplies during July have been, 500 casks, and sales 450 at 51 to 53 for ordinary and middling, 54 to 59 for good and fine, and 63 to 64 very fine. In loaves little doing—a few casks of single refined have obtained 10 sols and double 15 to 16.—It is not likely that our prices will go lower. Brazil and East India qualities have been better supported—205 cases of Pernambuco whites have obtained 50 to 53, 60 cases and 600 bags assorted Bourbons 37 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Indigo.—In momentary calm, since the sale of 38 cases of Bengal at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ livres.—14 cases of very fine blue have obtained 10 to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Rio's 45, demand will revive in September.

Spices.—Pepper has every appearance of rising considerably.—Company's obtains 14 $\frac{1}{2}$, and American Importation 13 sols.—A large parcel of either might now be realized at these prices.—Pimento wanted—50 bags have obtained 19 sols—150 ditto 18.—First quality of Cinnamon would obtain 12 liv.—A parcel of second was lately given at 10 liv.—Cassia Lignea, in small bundles, demanded at 36 sols—Cloves saleable—Nutmegs dull.

East India Piece Goods—Are in demand, and higher prices are offering.—Our quotations are fully obtainable.—The season for Nankheens is now over.

Weights and Measures.—A Cantar of Genoa = to 100 Rotolos; 100 Rotolos = 150lb.; 112lb. English = 156lb.; 1 Barrel of Oil, of 187 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. contains 17 English Gallons; 2.2-5 Minas = to an English Quarter.

Moneys.—Accounts are kept in Livres, Solis and Deniers. 1 Livre = 20 Solis; 1 Sol = 12 Deniers; 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Livres make One Dollar of Exchange.

Administrations to Estates.

Sullivan Davis, Esq. late of the Honorable Company's Civil Service, deceased—Dempster Heming, Esq.

Mr. William Smith, late of Moorshedabad, Tradesman, deceased—Dempster Heming, Esq.

Arndel Robert, Esq. late of Cheltenham, in the County of Gloucester, deceased—John Palmer, Esq.

Guzzorndee Khan, late of Patna, deceased—Ramtonoo Doss.

Mr. Frederick Rice, late of Barrackpore, deceased—Mr. Arthur Johnson.

Deaths.

On the 10th instant, ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, Esq. of the House of DAVIDSON, ROBERTSON and Co. aged 42 years.

At Madras, on the 30th ultimo, Lieutenant JOHN ROE, of His Majesty's 39th Regiment.

Supreme Court.

It is understood that the Case of "The United Secretaries *versus* Buckingham," will be brought on in the Supreme Court on Friday next (to-morrow) the 18th instant, for argument before the Bench and Jury.

Sporting Intelligence.

BARRACKPORE MEETING, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY, 16.

The Post Stakes of 50 Gold Mohurs each, for Country bred Horses and Arabs, two years old, a Feather—three, 7st. 4lb.—four, 8st. 5lb.—Mares, &c. allowed 3lb.—R. C. Four Subscribers.

1. Mr. Robert's ch. f. <i>Maid of Avenel</i> , (J. Fox),4 years
2. Mr. Walter's ch. c. e. <i>Kingfisher</i> ,3 years
3. Mr. Black's b. c. m. <i>Kid</i> ,aged.
4. Mr. Oakley's b. c. f. <i>Fair Salsopia</i> ,3 years

Even betting on *Maid of Avenel* against the Field—Time 3' 30"

Match for 50 Gold Mohurs. st. lb.

1. Mr. Oakley's b. c. m. <i>Gnat</i> , (J. Fox),5 years, 8 0
2. Mr. Robert's b. c. e. <i>Petworth</i> ,4 years, 8 0

Even Betting—Time 3' 45"

Match for 100 Gold Mohurs.

1. Mr. Walter's b. c. f. by <i>Benedict</i> , (W. Smith),	3 years 8 7
2. Mr. Black's b. c. f. <i>Windfall</i> , by <i>Delusion</i> ,3 years 8 7

Betting—3 to 2 on the *Benedict's Filly*.

Match for 50 Gold Mohurs.—L. M.

1. Mr. Walter's b. c. f. <i>Thalia</i> , (W. Smith),4 years 8 7
2. Mr. Black's ch. c. m. <i>Laurel Leaf</i> ,6 years 8 0

Shipping Arrivals.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
Jan. 16	Syren	British	R. Alport	Batavia	Nov. 13
16	Anna Robertson	British	W. H. Biden	Penang	Jan. 1

Shipping Departures.

CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	Destination
Jan. 15	John Taylor	British	G. Atkinson	Liverpool

Extracts from the Report of the Ship ANNA ROBERTSON, Captain W. H. Biden, from Penang the 1st of January.

Passengers.—Mrs. Smout, Mrs. Gordon and three Children, Miss Bannerman, Major Lattar, Captain Davis, Captain Gordon, Lieutenant Brown, Mr. Hunter, Merchant, Mr. Ross, Master Patterson.

The Embassy Ship, JOHN ADAM, was to sail on the 4th of January from Penang.—THE SUSSEX and CORNWALL, arrived from China on the 28th of December.—THE GEORGE CRUTTENDEN, arrived at Penang on the 20th, and sailed for Singapore on the 27th of December.—THE CERES, sailed for Calcutta on the 27th of December.

Nautical Notices.

To the Shipping arrivals in England from this country, which we have already enumerated, as having taken place subsequent to the 6th of July, we are enabled to add the following: viz.

July 7th, at Gravesend, Ship THALIA, Pedlar, from Bombay, Cape and St. Helena.—July 10th, at Gravesend, REGRET, Wellbank, from Bombay, Cape and St. Helena.—July 10th, at Gravesend, BRISTOL, Buckham, from Bengal and St. Helena.—July 16th, at Gravesend, BELLE ALLIANCE, Rolfe, from Bengal and Madras.—July 18th, at Gravesend, WINDSOR CASTLE, Lee, from Bengal, Madras, and Cape.

Private letters from London, of late dates, state that the country was perfectly quiet throughout, and was never indeed known to have enjoyed more perfect tranquillity. There were prospects of an abundant although rather backward harvest. It was reported among those connected with Indian commerce, that the Company were about to give up the practice of chartering Ships for the whole voyage out and home to Madras and Bengal, and in future to engage freight separately, when required, either at home or in this country. We know not what foundation there may be for this report.—John Bull.